

# Portrait Of The Artist As A Fucking Asshole

## Dillinger Four

Could this be the end? Alert the media  
Holler out message sent, and pass the bottle now  
I'll wreck today not unlike the way you saw me yesterday  
I'll wreck today and double over laughing with the pain  
Check those fears at the door and hang around a while  
I'll lose this heart from my sleeve just to see what burns  
Is this a question of what fell or just a statement of what sells  
And can anyone really say there's no free drinks in hell?  
I'm neither poet nor a babysitter  
But I got a guitar and a way to kill an hour now  
I got no fucking pity for the fools who broke their eyes  
Trying to break a whole culture down to size  
Check those fears at the door and hang around a while  
I'll lose this heart from my sleeve just to see what burns  
Is this a question of what fell or just a statement of what sells  
And can anyone really say there's no stiff drinks in hell?  
This national chemistry, it's bigger than you and me  
While fighting for control now have we lost touch with who we are  
Do you lover telling your war stories while hiding your scars?

Lyrics provided by

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